



EWING
NIE
DÍAZ





WASP

Janet Van Dyne became the Wasp to avenge her father's death at the hands of the Creature from Kosmos. So when her adopted daughter and fellow Wasp, Nadia, decided to avenge her lost mother and grandfather, Maria and Janos Trovaya, Jan agreed to help. Before they could begin their investigation, however, they were attacked by Whirlwind—an old enemy of Jan's she believed had been dealt with.

But Whirlwind claimed he acted against his will, forced by a creature who can control and terrorize others with a single glance...

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WASP created by

THE RAFT.

I TOLD
'EM--YOU CAN
KEEP YOUR AMNESTY.
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR
KRAKOA.

MOST FOLKS
DON'T EVEN **KNOW**
I'M A MUTANT, AND
THAT'S HOW I
LIKE IT.

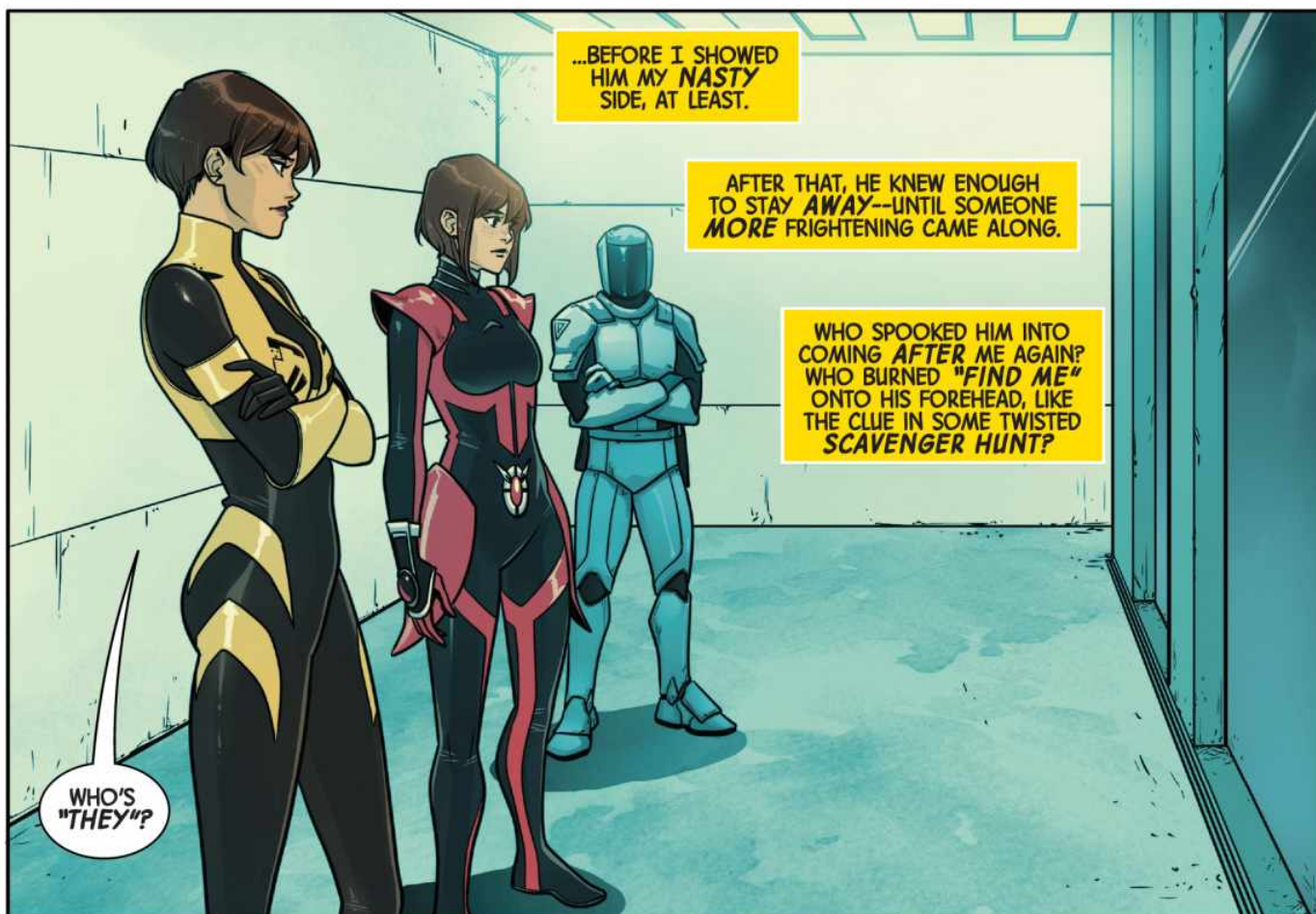
I DON'T **NEED**
A "COMMUNITY" TO
WATCH MY BACK--LIKE ALL
THAT IDENTITY CRAP
DOESN'T JUST PIN A
TARGET ON IT.

HAVE FUN
WHEN THEY **COME**
FOR YOU, X-HOLES--
I'LL BE OVER HERE
STAYING ALIVE.
THAT'S HOW I
FIGURED IT.

BUT
THAT MEANT
WHEN SOMEBODY
CAME FOR **ME**--IT
WAS **JUST**
FOR ME.

AND I
WAS ALL
ALONE.

DAVID CANNON--
THE **WHIRLWIND.**
THIEF, DIRTBAG-FOR-
HIRE AND ONE OF MY
OLDEST VILLAINS...





"FIRST, THERE WAS **W.E.S.P.E.**--GERMAN FOR WASP. THE CREATION OF **EVOLD SKORPION**, A MADMAN WHO WISHED ONLY TO END THE WORLD. THE RED ROOM CONSIDERED HIS GROUP **SECOND-RATE**--BOURGEOIS NIHILISTS PLAYING AT THE GREAT GAME.

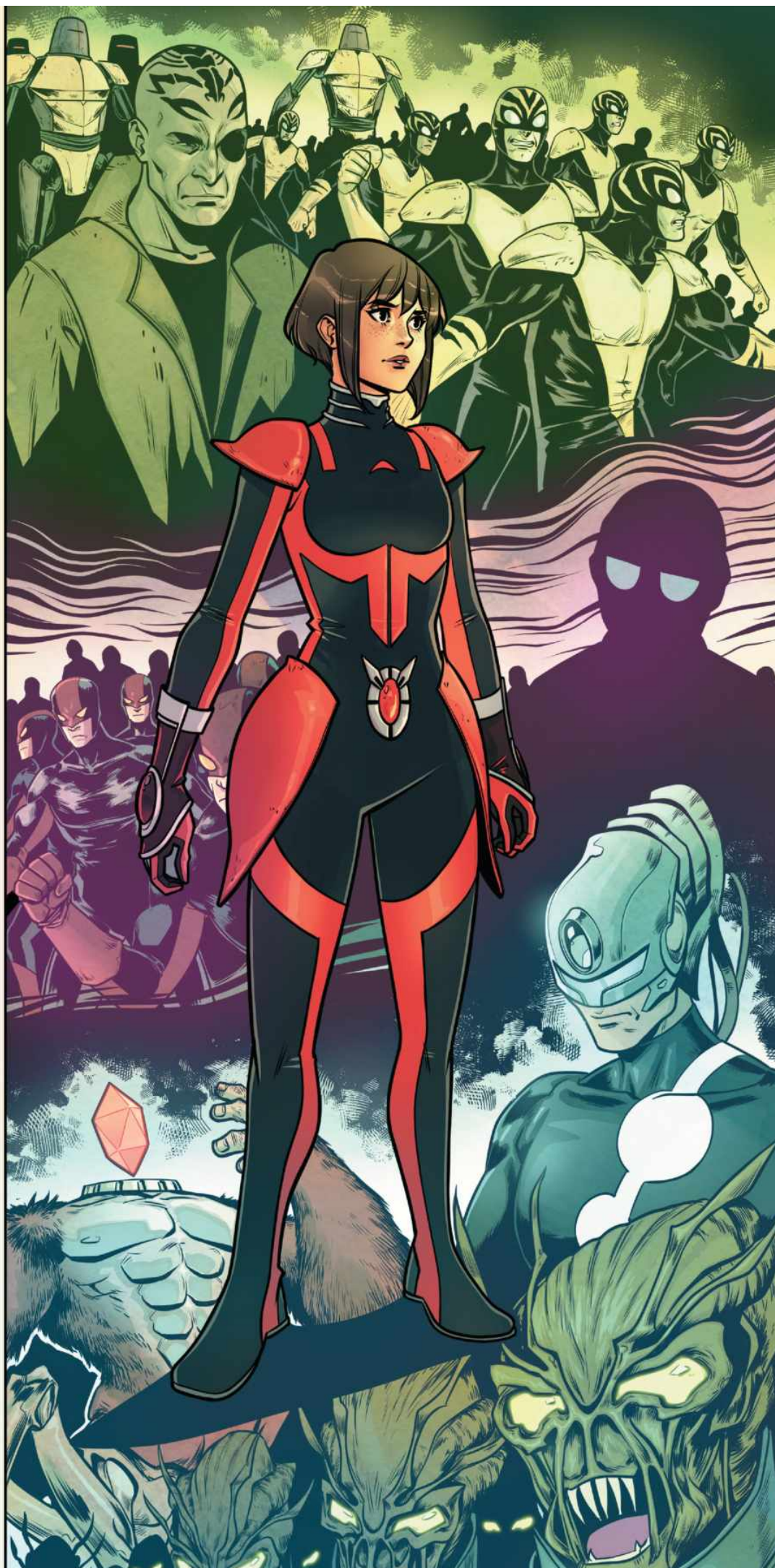
"YEARS AGO, THAT **CHANGED**. A NEW PLAYER ENTERED THE GAME--THE **WHISPERER**. THE RUMORS SAID HE WAS A **MASTER SPY** AND **WEAPONSMITH**, BETRAYED IN RETIREMENT BY THOSE HE TRUSTED. PRESUMED DEAD, HE LIVED FOR **REVENGE**--OR SO THE STORY WENT.

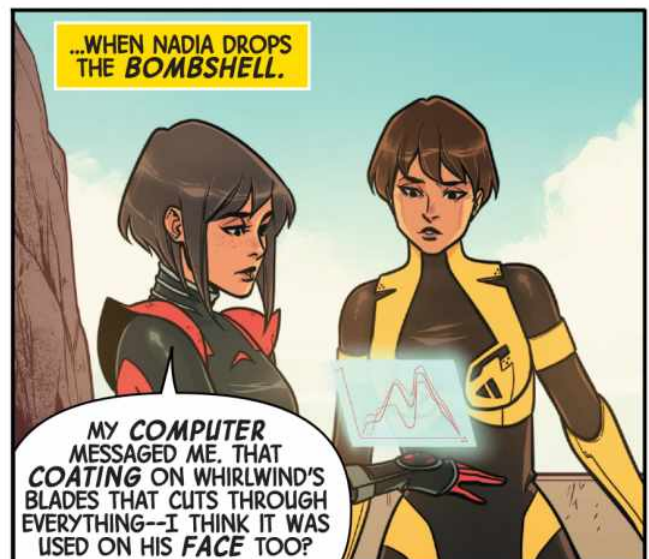
"WITHIN A MONTH, HE'D RECRUITED THE **CREAM** OF W.E.S.P.E., THE ANGRY YOUNG MINDS **DISSATISFIED** WITH SKORPION'S PUERILE ACTIONS--AND GIVEN THEM A **NEW CAUSE**. TO SPY ON THE **SPIES**, TO BALANCE SECRET AGENCIES THAT HAD GROWN BEYOND **ANYONE'S** CONTROL.

"FOR YEARS, **W.H.I.S.P.E.R.** WAS THE **DIRTY SECRET** THAT HYDRA, S.H.I.E.L.D. AND THE RED ROOM ALL **FEARED**--BUT AFTER A DECADE, THEY SEEMED TO **VANISH** EVEN FROM THEIR SHADOWS...

"...UNTIL **THE MAKER** RE-CREATED THEM AS A CULT OF **MAD SCIENTISTS**, ALTERING THEIR VERY BODIES IN HIS SERVICE. BUT I CANNOT HELP **WONDERING**...WAS THAT THE WHOLE TRUTH, OR THE ULTIMATE **LIE**? DID THE ORGANIZATION PLEDGE ITSELF TO THE MAKER FOR WANT OF A **LEADER**...OR AT THEIR TRUE LEADER'S **ORDER**?

"WHAT IF THE **W.H.I.S.P.E.R.** EVERYONE SAW WAS JUST A **DECOY**...AND THE **REAL** ONE HAS BEEN HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT?"







...IT MEANS I
HAVE TO KNOW
FOR SURE.

OKAY!
THE DETECTOR
IS WORKING
FINE!



IT IS
NOTHING SPECIAL--
A SIMPLE **CHEMICAL
ANALYZER**--BUT IT WILL
LOOK FOR **PARTICLES**
OF THIS NOT-QUITE-
FORMIC-ACID IN
THE AIR.

WE ARE
GETTING A **LITTLE
BITTY** READING NOW,
JUST A **FEW** PARTICLES
PER MILLION, BUT ENOUGH
TO KNOW A BIG SOURCE
OF THIS ACID IS IN
THE CITY...

GREAT.
WONDERFUL.



I...AM SORRY
IT IS NOT
BETTER...

NO, I'M SORRY. IT IS GREAT,
HON. THAT YOU WERE ABLE
TO COBBLE THAT TOGETHER
IN JUST HALF AN HOUR...
YOU'RE GREAT.

IT'S JUST...
THIS WHOLE
SITUATION...



...IS **NOT**
VERY GREAT, I
KNOW. I DIDN'T
THINK YOU WERE
MAD AT **ME.**

BUT IF WE
TALK ABOUT IT,
MAYBE--



WE'RE
LOOKING FOR
THE CREATURE THAT
KILLED MY FATHER,
HONEY.

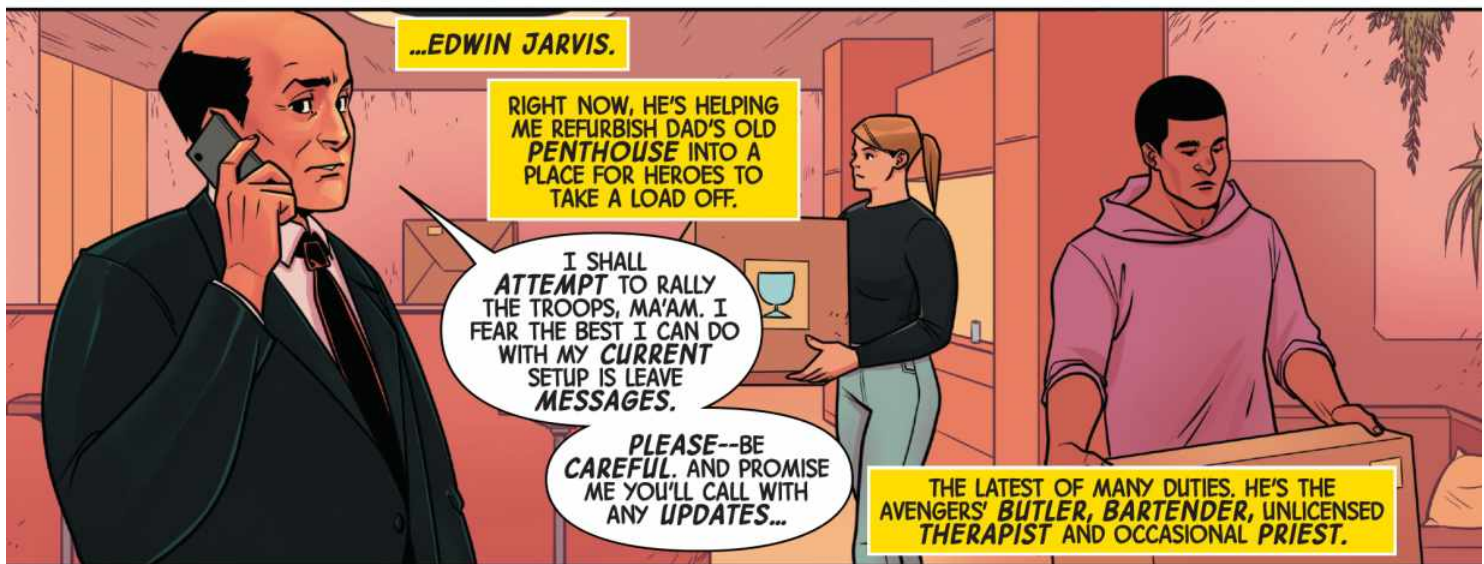
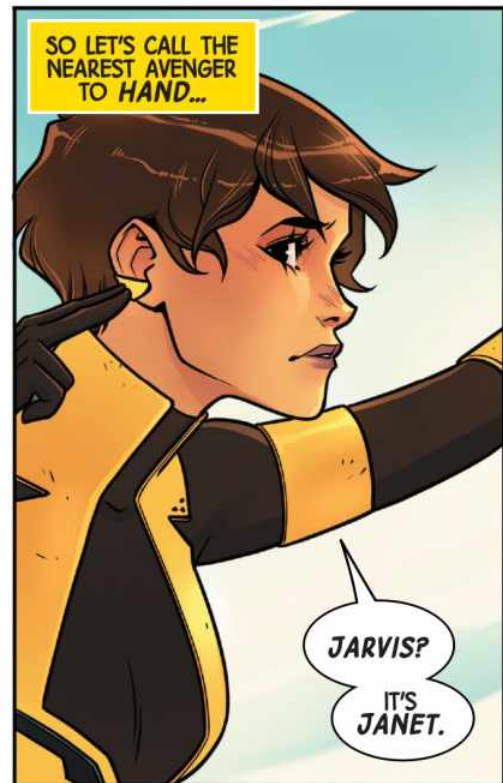


OH.

YEAH.

"OH" ABOUT
SIMS IT UP







WE'RE OUT IN **QUEENS**
BEFORE WE MAKE ANY
PROGRESS...

AHH!
THE NEEDLE IS
DANCING!

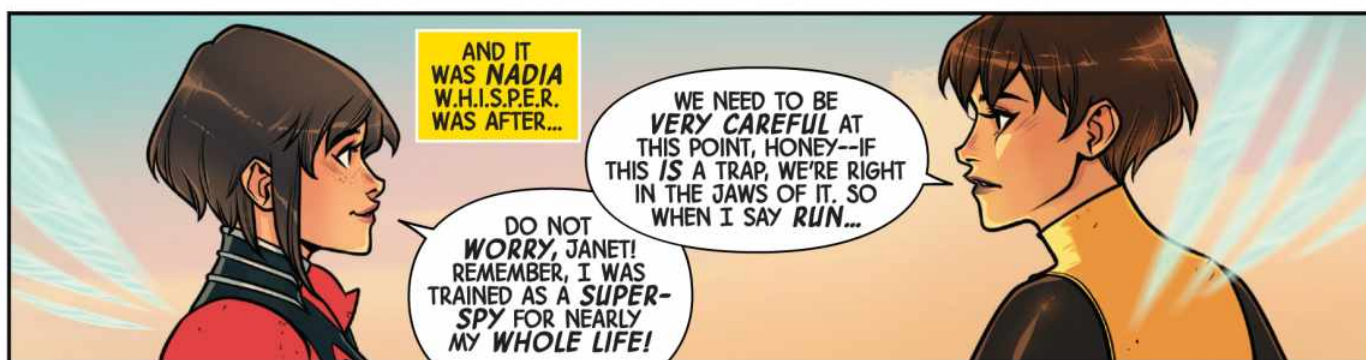
LOTS OF
PARTICLES!



AND
WHAT LOOKS LIKE
AN **ABANDONED**
BUILDING. SOME KIND
OF **HOSPITAL**...

IT MAKES SENSE.
FORGOTTEN PLACES LIKE
THIS--WHATEVER IT ONCE
WAS--MAKE CLASSIC
VILLAIN HIDEAWAYS.

BUT IT'S A LITTLE **PROSAIC**
FOR AN ACID MONSTER FROM
OUTER SPACE. I'M GUESSING
THIS IS THE **W.H.I.S.P.E.R.**
SIDE OF THINGS.



AND IT
WAS **NADIA**
W.H.I.S.P.E.R.
WAS AFTER...

WE NEED TO BE
VERY CAREFUL AT
THIS POINT, HONEY--IF
THIS IS A TRAP, WE'RE RIGHT
IN THE JAWS OF IT. SO
WHEN I SAY **RUN**...

DO NOT
WORRY, JANET!
REMEMBER, I WAS
TRAINED AS A **SUPER-
SPY** FOR NEARLY
MY **WHOLE LIFE!**



SO
IT IS VERY
DIFFICULT
TO CATCH ME
BY--

**LOOK
OUT!**

WHAT--?



SURPRISE!



JANET!

THAT BLAST--
SHOCKED ME BACK
TO FULL SIZE--

MY WINGS
ARE GONE--
CAN'T THINK--



IT'S CALLED
A *BIO-STING*.
REMEMBER, JAN? THE
THING HANK PYM
HANDED YOU ON
A PLATE?

BET YOU
DIDN'T EVEN KNOW IT
COULD BE USED AS A
BIO-INTERFACE.



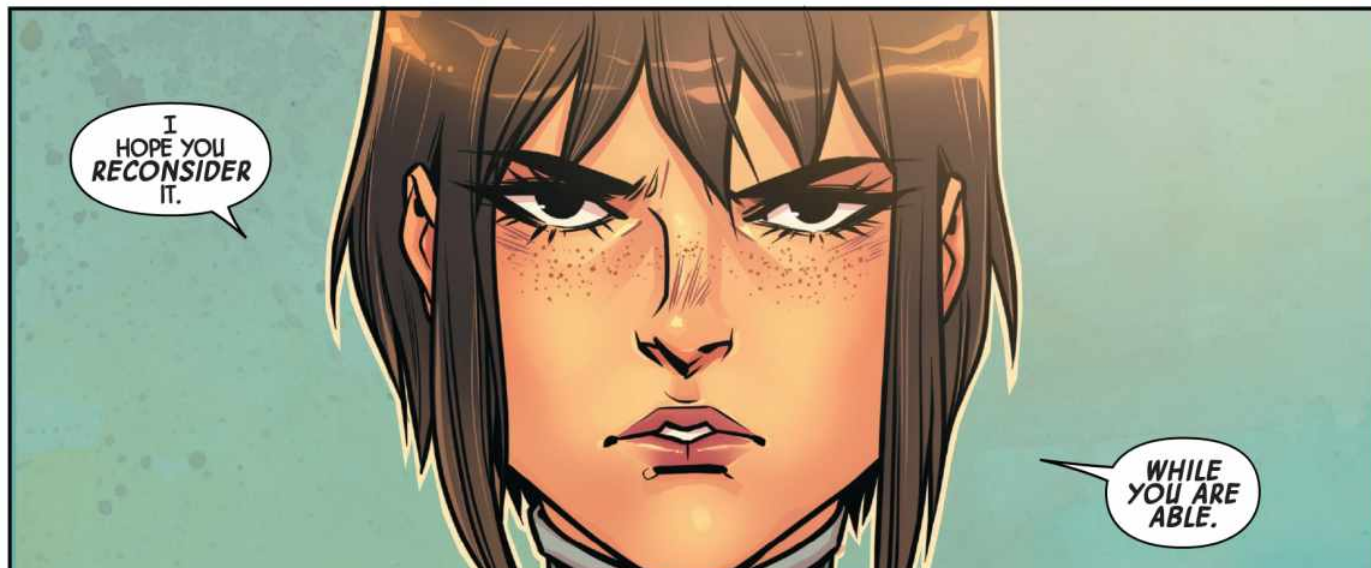
CAN'T--

UNHHH!

JAN...

I SHOCKED
YOU BOTH AT THE
CELLULAR LEVEL--
AND LOCKED OUT
THE PYM-PARTICLE
EFFECT.

UNTIL YOU
SHAKE IT OFF,
YOU'RE JUST TWO
NORMAL-SIZED
CIVILIANS...







OFTEN, THERE WOULD BE **TWENTY** OF US, HUNGRY AFTER **NIGHT TRAINING**--AND GIVEN, PERHAPS, **TWO** RATION PACKS. A **SURPRISE EXERCISE**.

AND COMMUNISM HAD **FALLEN**. SO SHARING WAS... **DISCOURAGED**.



YOU UNDERSTAND?

I HAVE **LITERALLY** HAD THIS KIND OF FIGHT FOR **BREAKFAST**!



DON'T ATTACK HER **ONE AT A TIME**, YOU IDIOTS!

YOU'RE WASPS! **SWARM HER!**



TUT-TUT. STRATEGY SHOULD BE PLANNED **BEFORE** YOU ATTACK.

YOUR **INTEL** IS VERY BAD, ALSO.



MY WASP STING DOES NOT **NEED** ME TO SHRINK-- IT IS IN MY **SUIT**.

SEE?



MY **SUIT** IS **VERY TOUGH**!

HOW IS **YOURS**?







BURN LIST...? CURIOUS.

I WONDER-- IS EVERYONE WHO WORKS FOR W.H.I.S.P.E.R. A BURNED AGENT FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE?

I GUESS WE'LL FIND OUT.

WHERE DOES YOUR DOOHICKEY SAY TO GO NEXT, HONEY?



BECAUSE I'M GUESSING IT'S THAT WAY.



GOOD GUESS. WHAT WE ARE LOOKING FOR IS INSIDE THIS BUILDING.

BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN WE HAVE TO GO IN... DOES IT?

SHE'S TALKING SENSE. I *SHOULD* BE LISTENING.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER PART OF ME *SCREAMING* THAT THERE'S NO



I DON'T THINK WE HAVE A CHOICE.

IF THE CREATURE THAT KILLED MY FATHER *IS* AT THE ROOT OF THIS, IT COULD AFFECT *EVERY* HUMAN BEING ON EARTH



...AND THE
CLOCK IS
TICKING.

TIC TIC TIC



TOC



FIVE
MINUTES
PAST THE HOUR.
HMM.

SHE
SAID SHE'D
CALL.



STILL NO
RESPONSE ON
THE AVENGERS
CHANNEL.

AND THE
AVENGERS CARD
DISPLAY SHOWS ONLY
NADIA AND
MS. VAN DYNE
NEARBY, IN...
QUEENS?

HMM.



HAVE SOME
FAITH, EDWIN. WOULD
SHE RUN OFF LIKE A FOOL
IF YOU WERE OUT OF
CONTACT FOR FIVE
MINUTES?

...

HMMM.

SOMETHING'S
WRONG.



FROM THE MOMENT
WE STEPPED IN HERE...
SOMETHING WAS
VERY WRONG.

THE SOURCE
OF THE PARTICLES IS
AHEAD. BUT YOU DO
NOT NEED *ME* TO
SAY THAT.

IT IS IN THE
AIR...STINGING
MY EYES...

I
KNOW.

IT'S
LIKE A *SENSE*
MEMORY.



THE *STINGING*
AT THE CORNER OF MY
EYES. THE *SMELL.*

THIS
IS IT.



THE *PULL* IN
MY HEAD.

NADIA--YOU
SHOULD TURN
BACK. GET **OUT**
OF HERE. THIS...
THIS IS *MY*
FIGHT...

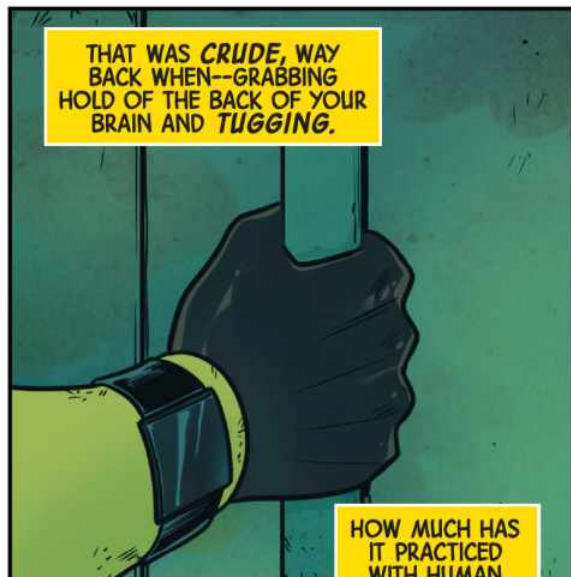
I CANNOT
DO THAT.



I WOULD NOT
ANYWAY. BUT...
LITERALLY, I
CANNOT DO
THAT.

WE'RE IN
TROUBLE.

IT **MAKES**
YOU LOOK.



THAT WAS **CRUDE,** WAY
BACK WHEN--GRABBING
HOLD OF THE BACK OF YOUR
BRAIN AND **TUGGING.**

HOW MUCH HAS
IT PRACTICED
WITH HUMAN



VERY
GOOD.



NEXT



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